Bul. Harry of Herford, Lancaſter, and Darby
Am I, who readie heare do ſtand in Armes,
To prooue by Gods grace, and my bodies valour
In liſts, on *Thomas Mowbray* Duke of Norfolke,
That he is a Traytor foule and dangerous,
To God of Heauen, King Richard, and to me:
And as I truly fight, defend me heauen.
Mar. On paine of death no perſon be ſo bold
Or daring, hardie, as to touch the liſts,
Except the Marſhall and ſuch officers
Appointed to direct theſe faire deſignes.
Bul. Lord Marſhall, let me kiſſe my Soueraignes han
And bow my knee before his Maieſtie,
For *Mowbray* and my ſelfe are like two men,
That vow a long and wearie pilgrimage,
Then let vs take a ceremonious leaue,
And louing farewell of our ſeuerall friends.
Mar. The appellant in all dutie greets your highneſſ,
And craues to kiſſe your hand and take his leaue.
King. We will deſcend and folde him in our armes.
Cooſin of Herford, as thy cauſe is right,
So be thy fortune in this Royall fight:
Farewell my blood, which if to day thou ſhead,
Lament we may, but not reuenge thee dead.
Bul. O let no Noble eie prophane a teare
For me, if I be gorgde with *Mowbraies* ſpeare:
As confident as is the Falcons flight
Againſt a bird, do I with *Mowbray* fight.
My louing Lord I take my leaue of you:
Of you (my noble Cooſin) Lord *Aumerle*,
Not ſicke, although I haue to do with death,
But luſtie, yong, and cheerely drawing breath.
Loe, as at Engliſh feaſts ſo I regreet
The daintieſt laſt, to make the end moſt ſweet.
Oh thou the earthly Author of my blood,
Whoſe youthfull ſpirit in me regenerate,
Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me vp,
To reach a victorie aboue my head,

Adde

Adde proofe vnto mine armou
And with thy bleſſings ſteele m
That it may enter Mowbrayes
And furbiſh new the name of
Euen in the luſtie hauiour of h
Gaunt. God, in thy good ca
Be ſwift like lightning in the ex
And let thy blowes doubly red
Fall like amazing thunder on
Of thy aduerſe pernitious ene
Rowſe vp thy youthfull blood
Bul. Mine innocence and Sa
Mow. How euer God or fo
There lies or dies true to King
A loyall, iuſt, and vpright Ge
Neuer did captiue with a freer
Caſt off his chaines of Bonda
His Golden vncontroled Enfr
More then my dauncing ſoule
This feaſt of battle with mine
Moſt mightie Liege, and my c
Take from my youth the wiſh
As gentle and as iocond as to ie
Go I to fight, truth hath a quie
King. Farewell (my Lord)
Vertue with valor couched in
Order the triall Marſhall, and
Mar. Harrie of Herford,
Receiue thy Launce, and God
Bul. Strong as a Tower in h
Mar. Go beare this launce
Herald. Harry of Herford,
Stands heere, for God, his So
On paine to be found falſe and
To proue the Duke of Norfol
A Traytor to his God, his King
And dares him to ſet forwards
Her. Here ſtandeth Thoma

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22312) LONDON, 1615 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.